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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1908.

Langford of the 3 Bars.

CHAPTER XIII.

Mrs. Higgins rallies to her colors. The Kemah county court convened on a Tuesday, the second week in December. The judge coming with his court reporter to Velpen on Monday found the river still open. December had crept softly to its appointed place in the march of months with a gentle heralding of warm, southwest winds.

"Weather breeder," said Mrs. Higgins of the Bon Ami, with a mournful shake of her head. "You mark my words and remember I said it. It's a sorry day for the cows when the river's running in December."

She was serving the judicial party herself, and capably, too. She dearly loved the time the courts met, on either side of the river. It brought many interesting people to the Bon Ami, although not often the judge. His coming for supper was a most unusual honor, and it was due to Louise, who had playfully insisted. He had humored her much against his will, it must be confessed; for he had a deeply worn habit of making straight for the hotel from the station and there remaining until Hank Bruebach, liverrman, who never permitted anything to interfere with or any one to usurp his prerogative of driving his honor to and from Kemah when court was in session, whistled with shameless familiarity the following morning to make his honor cognizant of the fact that he, Hank, was ready. But he had come to the Bon Ami because Louise wished it, and he reflected whimsically on the astonishment, amounting almost to horror, the face of his good landlord at the Velpen house when it became an assured fact that he was not and had not been in the dining-room.

"You are right," Mrs. Higgins, assented the judge gravely to her weather predictions, "and the supper you have prepared for us is worthy the



"You Are the Best Man in All the World."

hand that serves it. Kings and potentates could ask no better. Louise, dear child, I am fond of you and I hope you will never go back east."

"Thank you, Uncle Hammond," said Louise, who knew that an amusing thought was seeping through this declaration of affection. "I am sorry to give you a headache, but I am going back to God's country some day, nevertheless."

"Maybe so—maybe not," said the judge. "Mrs. Higgins, my good woman, how is our friend, the canker-worm, coming on these days?"

"Canker-worm?" repeated Mrs. Higgins. "Meaning, your honor?"

"Just what I say—canker-worm. Isn't he the worm gnawing in discontent at the very core of the fair fruit of established order and peace in the cow country?"

"I don't understand, your honor," faltered the woman in great trepidation. Would his honor consider her a hopeless stupid? But what was the man talking about? Louise looked up, a flush of color staining her cheeks.

"Maybe the brand would suit you better, wouldn't it? My young friend, the fire-brand," resumed the judge, rising. "That is good—fire-brand. Is he not inciting the populace to open rebellion, false doctrine and schism? Is it not because of him that roofs are burned over the very heads of the helpless homesteaders?"

"For shame, Uncle Hammond," exclaimed Louise, with a look of indignation, "a malicious little sparkle in her eyes."

"You are poking fun at me. You haven't any right to, you know; but that's your way. I don't dare, but Mrs. Higgins doesn't understand."

"Don't you, Mrs. Higgins?" asked the judge.

"No, I don't," snapped Mrs. Higgins, and she didn't, but she thought she did. "Only if you mean Mr. Richard Gordon, I'll tell you now there ain't no one in this here God-forsaken country who can hold a tallow candle to him. Just put that in your pipe and smoke it, will you?"

She piled up dishes viciously. She did not wait for her guests to depart before she began demolishing the table. It was a tremendous breach of etiquette, but she didn't care. To have an ideal shattered ruthlessly is ever a heart-breaking thing.

"But my dear Mrs. Higgins," expostulated the judge.

"You needn't," said that lady, shortly. "I don't care," she went on, "if the president himself or an archangel from heaven came down here and plastered Dick Gordon with bad-smell-in' names from the crown of his little toe to the tip of his head, I'd tell 'em to their very faces that they didn't know what they was a talkin' about, and what's more they'd better go back to where they belong and not come nosin' round in other people's business when they don't understand one single mite about it. We don't want 'em puttin' their fingers in our pie when they don't know a thing about us or our ways. That's my say," she closed, with appalling significance, flustering herself that no one could dream but that she was dealing in the most off-hand generalities. She was far too politic to antagonize, and withal too good a woman not to strike for a friend. She congratulated herself she had been true to all her gods—and she had been.

Louise smiled in complete sympathy, challenging the judge meanwhile with laughing eyes. But the judge—he was still much of a boy in spite of his grave calling and mature years—just threw back his blonde head and shouted in rapturous glee. He laughed till the very ceiling rang in loud response; laughed till the tears shone in his big blue eyes. Mrs. Higgins looked on in undisguised amazement, hands on hips.

"Dear me, suz!" she spluttered, "is the man gone clean daffy?"

"Won't you shake hands with me, Mrs. Higgins?" he asked, gravely. "I ask your pardon for my levity, and I assure you there isn't a man in the whole world I esteem more or hold greater faith in than Dick Gordon—or love so much. I thank you for your championship of him. I would that he had more friends like you. Louise, are you ready?"

Their walk to the hotel was a silent one. Later, as she was leaving him to go to her own room, Louise laid her head caressingly on her uncle's sleeve.

"Uncle Hammond," she said, impulsively, "you are incorrigible, but you are the best man in all the world."

"The very best?" he asked, smilingly.

"The very best," she repeated, firmly.

There was a full calendar that term, and the close of the first week found the court still wrestling with criminal cases, with that of Jesse Black yet uncalled. Gordon reckoned that Black's trial could not possibly be taken up until Tuesday or Wednesday of the following week. Long before that, the town began filling up for the big rustling case. There were other rustling cases on the criminal docket, but they paled before this one where the suspected leader of a gang was on trial. The interested and the curious did not mean to miss any part of it. They began coming in early in the week. They kept coming the remainder of that week and Sunday as well. Even as late as Monday, delayed range riders came scurrying in, leaving the cattle mostly to shift for themselves. The Velpen aggregation, better informed, kept to its own side of the river pretty generally until the Sunday, at least, should be past.

The date southeast of town became the camping grounds for those unable to find quarters at the hotel, and who lived too far out to make the nightly ride home and back in the morning. They were tempted by the unusually mild weather. These were mostly Indians and half-breeds, but with a goodly sprinkling of cowboys of the rougher order. Camp-fires spotted the plain, burning redly at night. There was a driftwood to be had for the taking. Blanketed Indians squatted and smoked around their fires—a revival of an older and better day for them. Sometimes they stalked majestically through the bird street of the town.

The judicial party was safely housed in the hotel, with the best service it was possible for the management to give in this hour of congested patronage. It was the first time since

commodate the crowds. Even the office was jammed with coats at night. Mary Williston had come in from White's to be with Louise. She was physically strong again, but ever strangely quiet, always somber-eyed.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Game is On.

Contrary to expectation, the case of the State of South Dakota against Jesse Black was called soon after the sitting of the court Monday afternoon. No testimony was introduced, however, until the following day. Luch by inch, step by step, Gordon fought for a fair jury through that tense afternoon. Merciless in shrewd examination, keen to detect hesitancy, prejudices sought to be concealed he cleverly and relentlessly unearthed. Chair after chair was vacated—only to be vacated again. It seemed there was not a man in the county who had not heard somewhat of this much-heralded crime—if crime it were. And he who had heard was a prejudiced partisan. How could it be otherwise where feeling ran so high—where honest men mostly felt resentment against the man who dared to probe the wound without extracting the cause of it, and a hatred and fear curiously intermingled with admiration of the outlaw whose next move after obtaining his freedom might be to cut out of the general herd, cows of their own brands—where tainted men, officers or cowmen, awaited developments with a consuming interest that was not above manipulating the lines of justice for their own selfish ends? Yet, despite the obstacles in the way, Gordon was determined to have an unprejudiced jury in so far as it lay in



"It is a Tough Strain, Isn't it?"

human power to seat such a one in the box. So he worked, and worked hard.

Court adjourned that evening with the jury-box filled. The state's friends were feeling pretty good about it. Langford made his way into the bar where Gordon was standing apart. He passed an arm affectionately over his friend's shoulder.

"You were inspired, Dick," he said. "Keep on the same as you have begun and we shall have everything our own way."

But the fire had died down in the young lawyer's bearing.

"I'm tired, Paul, dead tired," he said, wearily. "I wish it were over."

"Come to supper—then you'll feel better. You're tired out. It is a tough strain, isn't it?" he said, cheerfully. He was not afraid. He knew the fire would burn the brighter again when there was need of it—in the morning.

They passed out of the bar together. At the hotel Mary and Louise were already seated at the table in the dining-room where the little party usually sat together when it was possible to do so. Judge Dale had not yet arrived. The landlady was in a worried dispute with Red Sanderson and a companion. The men were evidently cronies. They had their eyes on two of the three vacant places at the table.

"But I tell you these places are taken," persisted the landlady, who served as head-waitress, when such services were necessary, which was not often. Her patrons usually took and held possession of things at their own sweet will.

"You bet they are," chimed in Red, deliberately pulling out a chair next to Louise, who shivered in recognition.

"Please—" she began, in a small voice, but got no farther. Something in his bold, admiring stare choked her into silence.

"You're a mighty pretty girl, if you are a trottin' round with the Three Bars," he grinned. "Plenty time to change your live—"

"Just move, will you," said Gordon, curtly, coming up at that moment with Langford and shoving him aside with unceremonious brevity. "This is my place." He sat down quietly.

"You damned upstart," blustered Sanderson. "Want a little pistol play, do you?"

"Gentlemen! gentlemen!" implored the landlady.

"I'm not entering any objection," said Gordon, coolly. "Just shoot—why don't you? You have the drop on me."

For a moment it looked as if Sanderson would take him at his word and meet this taunt with instant death for the sender of it, so black was his anger. But encountering Langford's level gaze, he read something therein, shrugged his shoulders, replaced his pistol and sauntered off with his companion just as Judge Dale came upon the scene. Langford glanced quickly across the table at Mary. Her eyes

were wide with startled horror. She, too, had seen. Just above Red Sanderson's temple and extending from the forehead up into the hair was an ugly scar—not like that left by a cut, but as if the flesh might have been deeply bruised by some blunt weapon.

"Mary! How pale you are!" cried Louise, in alarm.

"I'm haunted by that man," she continued, biting her lip to keep from crying out against the terrors of this country. "He's always showing up in unexpected places. I shall die if I ever meet him alone."

"You need not be afraid," said Gordon, speaking quietly from his place at her side. Louise flashed him a swift, bewildering smile of gratitude.

Under this cover the young ranchman comforted Mary, whom the others had temporarily forgotten, with a long, carressing look from his handsome eyes that was a pledge of tireless vigilance and an unforgetting watchfulness of future protection.

[To be Continued]

LIBRARY TALK.

In the month of January there were drawn from the library 1211 books of different classes, and to the reading table have been added papers and magazines as follows:

"Everybody's," monthly.
"Cosmopolitan," monthly.
"St. Nicholas," monthly.
"Youths' Companion," weekly.
"Appeal to Reason," weekly.

Mrs. J. W. Dunham has contributed about thirty magazines of different titles, to the table.

Mrs. D. D. Gill has given "Great Men and Famous Women," and Mrs. M. J. Ray the "Prospector" (Author Conner) to the library.

To the high school essayists it seems proper to notice that the publication of their names was against the desire of the librarian, for he saw no particular advantage in advertising the names of the disappointed authors—and there must be four of them. Your critics are two school teachers, a doctor, a lawyer and an editor. In so far as their decision is concerned they are strangers, as they should have been, to your names. The prizes will be handed to the winners on the evening of the school entertainment, by Mr. F. J. Clinkinbeard, the president of the board of library directors. And here it seems a fitting time for the librarian to suggest that these contests between pupils of our high school, now inaugurated, may be repeated each year; provided some public spirited citizen or citizens would subscribe—say fifteen to twenty dollars, the same to be divided into three prizes and awarded under direction of the library board of directors.

No. IV is the winner of 1st prize and No. III the 2nd.

THE LIBRARIAN.

New Mexico Bargains

240 acres of very fine land six and a half miles southeast of Raton, New Mexico. No improvements. Land lies well. Price \$6 per acre.

270 acres of land eight miles south of Raton, New Mexico, on the Canadian river. 175 acres subject to irrigation, balance good pasture land. 150 acres in cultivation, including 50 acres of alfalfa. Three small houses on the land; good fences; land has a third interest in irrigating ditch, with plenty of water always. \$30 per acre. Raton is a city of eight thousand people, and is a good market for everything that can be produced on a farm.

3,650 acres of extra fine land, 160 in cultivation, mostly in alfalfa; five-wire fence; nice orchard and garden; 22-room house and two large store rooms; hay barn, corrals, cow barns, carriage house, horse barns, etc. Price \$10 per acre. This property lies next to the Santa Fe railroad in New Mexico, and adjoins a good town of five hundred people.

2500 acres all fenced and cross-fenced, fifteen miles from railroad and town of 1200 people; 600 acres under irrigation, four ranch houses, three barns, two big corrals, three mowing machines, two hay rakes, hay press, 30 head of work horses and mules, 600 head of Hereford cattle, 15 thoroughbred Hereford bulls; 5 wagons

and harness; perpetual water right; hay runs two to three tons per acre, and brings \$14 per ton at railroad; road to railroad is as good as can be found in the world. This place is only six miles from free fuel, and ten miles of saw mills, lumber being delivered at the place for \$10 per thousand. Present owner has lived on the place forty years and has made a big fortune from the hay and livestock. He is willing to quit work and offers the place, including everything mentioned above, for \$17.50 per acre, on easy terms.

Many other nice farm and ranch properties in New Mexico for sale. For fuller information call on Chas. L. Smith at the News office.

Congressional Convention.

The Republicans of the Third congressional district of the state of Kansas will meet in delegate convention at the city of Parsons on Friday, February 28, 1908, at 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of nominating a Republican candidate for candidate for congress for said district. Also to elect two delegates to the Republican national convention to be held in Chicago, June 16, 1908, and to choose committeemen for the congressional committee of said district for the ensuing term.

The basis of representation in said convention will be one delegate for each 200 votes or major fraction thereof cast for C. E. Denton for secretary of state in 1906. The apportionment from each county of delegates in said convention, on the above basis, the several counties of the district will be as follows:

Chautauqua	8
Cherokee	18
Cowley	16
Crawford	23
Elk	7
Labette	15
Montgomery	20
Neosho	13
Wilson	10

The election of the delegates to said convention will be by delegate county convention in each of said counties, and the election of delegates to each county convention will be under the direction of the various county central committees.

It is recommended that the chairman of the county central committee in each of the counties certify the names of all congressional delegates and alternates as selected to this committee at Pittsburg, Kansas.

By order of Third Congressional Committee.

J. A. NUTTMAN,
H. CAVANESS, Sec. Chairman.
January 14, 1908.

TO THE VOTERS OF THE CITY OF BAXTER SPRINGS.

State of Kansas, county of Cherokee, city of Baxter Springs, ss.

All voters of the city of Baxter Springs, county of Cherokee, state of Kansas, are hereby required to register at the office of the city clerk of said city not later than ten days before election day, which will be the first Tuesday in April, 1908. The city clerk of said city has opened a new set of registration books and all persons are required to register in said books within said prescribed time to be entitled to vote at said election.

Witness my hand this 12th day of February, 1908.

C. M. JONES, Mayor.
Attest: GEO. C. CONNOR,
[SEAL.] City Clerk.

FROM ROUTE 3.

Farmers are very busy in this vicinity.

Charlie Hedges and family of Galena visited friends on the creek Sunday.

Mrs. Minnie Quapaw and her parents dined Sunday with acquaintances on Five Mile.

Mrs. Baker and Mrs. Reed and sons dined Sunday with Mrs. Joe Ewers.

Charlie Cromer helped George Peake break his pony to ride.

Bert Estabrook hauled lumber from the Todd saw mill last week.

A new family has moved on the old Dorsey land.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Degraffine drove to Galena Monday.

Ellis Comer is sick with the grip.

Joe Ewers is quite sick. Dr. Brown of Galena is attending him.

Gregg Ewers attended the Elks fair Thursday evening.

Bert Baker is helping his sister during her husband's sickness.

Dock Minton has gone to Saginaw to prove to his sister he isn't the dead man who was found in a shaft some time ago.

Tony Starina of Tennessee Prairie had a bad accident the first of the week. His team ran away with a wheat drill and he got tangled in the lines. His collar bone was broken and he was badly bruised.

There is more than one lonely woman who stays at home while her husband attends the all night card game on Five Mile Saturday nights. Some men think a woman has nothing to do but go through the same old monotonous routine day in and day out; yet with song and smile she goes through expecting as her only reward the affection of her family and even this is sometimes withheld.

Mrs. Howson and her mother visited with Mrs. Degraffine Monday.

Ed Degraffine is moving from the Murry place to a farm near Crestline.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The score was 38 to 21 in favor of Webb City between Webb and Baxter Friday night.

The high school will give a box supper for the benefit of the boys basket ball team, Friday evening, Feb. 28. Every one is invited to come.

The school entertainment will be given at Library Theatre Friday evening, Feb. 21.

Just as soon as the weather settles work will be resumed in the way of sidewalk building. Right here we want to caution some property owners about the letting of contracts to outside parties. The walks will have to be accepted by the city inspector of walks, and if they do not come up to the requirements they will be rejected. Then, of course, if the property owner has paid for the walk, he will be loser.

—WANTED—

A representative in this county by a large real estate corporation. Special inducements to those who wish to become financially interested.

The Real Estate Security Co.,
Fort Dearborn Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Don't forget that the News printery is the place to get an up-to-date and showy sale bill. We have the type, presses and other material necessary to get you out a fine bill, and we can do it in a hurry, too.

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